Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not ſpent,
Rather laide out for purchaſe: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th ſtroke doe damage?
Arci. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our ſelves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

Pir. No further.
Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wiſhes
To our great Lord, of whoſe ſucces I dare not
Make any timerous queſtion, yet I wiſh him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; ſpeede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouernours.
Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Muſt yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Thoſe beſt affections, that the heavens infuſe
In their beſt temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.
Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whoſe ſpeede
The great Bellona ile ſollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes underſtood: Ile offer to her
What I ſhall be adviſed ſhe likes; our hearts
Are in his Army in his Tent.
Hip. In's boſome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to ſea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have ſod their Infants in (and after eate them)
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch Spinſters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Pir. Peace be to you
As I purſue this war, which ſhall be then
Beyond further requiring. *Exit*
Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; ſince his depart, his ſportes
Though craving ſerioufnes, and skill, paſt ſlightly
His careles execution, where nor gaine
Made him regard, or loſſe conſider, but
Playing ore buſines in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his minde, nurſe equall
To theſe ſo diffring Twyns; have you obſerv'd him,
Since our great Lord departed?
Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,
Perill and want contending, they have skift
Torrents whoſe roring tyranny and power
I'th leaſt of theſe was dreadfull, and they have
Fought out together, where Deaths-ſelfe was lodgd,
Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot of love
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with ſo true, ſo long,
And with a finger of ſo deepe a cunning
May be outworne, never undone. I thinke
Theſeus cannot be umpire to himſelfe
Cleaving his conſcience into twaine, and doing
Each ſide like Iuſtice, which he loves beſt.
Emil. Doubtleſſe
There is a beſt, and reaſon has no manners
To ſay it is not you: I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;
You were at wars, when ſhe the grave enrichd,
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moon
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each a eleven.